Volume LX CHICAGO, JANUARY 9, 1908 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Old gods avaunt! The rosy East is waking,
And in the dawn your shapes of clay are shaking;
Ye broke men's hearts, and now your spells are breaking.

Over all lands a winged hope is flying;
It goes without reproof, without replying;
It bears God's courage to the dulled and dying.

The rusted chain that bound the world is broken;
A new strange star is pricking night for token;
And the Great Word is waiting to be spoken!

—*Edwin Markham.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 291
"What Is It to Be a Christian?" 294
The Theology of Modern Science—C. A. O 294

THE PULPIT—
The Relation of Settlements and Religion; or, The Place of Religian As Is May Be Experienced in Settlements—Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Mary Simkhovitch 295

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes—E. P. Powell 297
Lumiere's Success 297
A Legend—*Warner Snoad* 297

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
A Texas Congress—Marion Franklin Ham 298

THE WATCH TOWER—C. A. O 299
Twelve Tons of Diamonds 299
The Soul's Day—*Exchange* 299

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*Francis Greenwood Peabody.* 301
Concerning Grandmothers—*Mabel Nelson Thurston* .. 301

THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H 302

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1908 NUMBER 19

The shadows of eternal night were closing around him. His strength was almost spent by the toil of a long, hard day. The road was rough, and his destination hopelessly beyond his reach. Yet on he went and upward, "that he who may come after me," he said, "shall find footprints where the path is steep, to urge him higher by the proof that some one has climbed high. For the weakness that reaches not the end may yet lead the way, and be the strength that makes another stronger." *E. Scott O'Connor.*

The January 4th number of *Charities* is a heart-breaking issue, containing as it does some twenty-five pages of awful revealments concerning the mine disasters which occurred during the single month of December. Four explosions resulted in the death of 650 miners. Six hundred and fifty is easily written, but who can comprehend the heart-agony, the physical suffering, the blighted homes and dwarfed lives resulting therefrom? The experts in this technical journal clearly show that these disasters are preventable. Greed and carelessness are responsible for these lives. Here is a case where "business" is not "business" but murder. Not money making but the conserving and advancing of life should be the ultimate end forever kept in sight by the exploiter of mines as elsewhere.

UNITY does not take much interest in theological debates. A question that can be reduced to two sides and settled by a "Yes" or a "No" is necessarily a thin and unimportant one. Besides, disputation is a poor truth-seeking or truth-testing tool. It belongs to the school boy era; it is sophomoric; it is ever a test of skill, a victory purchased, if victory takes any note of it, under the banners of the most skillful disputants irrespective of the truth or falsehood of the position, and still the coming of Dr. Crapsey of Rochester into Chicago is an event which will arouse interest; and the debate in Orchestra Hall on Tuesday evening, January 21, 1908, between him and Mr. Mangasarian of the Independent Religious Society, on the question, "Resolved, That Jesus of the New Testament is an Historical Personage," Dr. Crapsey taking the affirmative, will doubtless attract a large audience.

Booker T. Washington in the *Outlook* for January 4th has a most interesting article on Boley, a negro town in Oklahoma. The story of this thriving little city on the "edge of civilization" officered with a colored mayor, colored bankers and colored citizens, is interesting, but the side light thrown upon the problem of race is more interesting. The word "natives" as applied in the Indian Territory is a perplexing term to the ethnologists. The pure Indian is seldom in evidence; the black, white and red races are here so blended that the "native" is a perplexity to the scientist, but it is the material that has contributed largely to a progressive state and to intelligent, law-abiding and thrifty communities. Nature has ways of reconciling antagonisms and extricating itself out of perplexities which philosophers and economists are slow to recognize or loath to admit.

The January number of the Meadville Theological School Quarterly Bulletin is a catalogue number and sets forth in full detail the information concerning this free school of the prophets. Inadequate as it is in its equipment and unsymmetrical or lopsided as the curriculum may be, it is still, all things considered, better qualified to prepare young men and women for a free ministry, to give to them a clear conception, an inspiring conviction of the universalities of religion, the permanent place of the church, and the high opportunities of the ministry than perhaps any other school in the country. The ministry of religion is now and ever will be a high and honorable profession, a noble calling, one that challenges the full powers of a trained mind and a sanctified heart. Let young men and women in the senior years of our colleges and high schools take seriously to heart the invitation to the ministry. Perhaps this catalogue will help them to decide. Send for a copy. Address F. C. Southworth, President Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

"L. A." has a revealing "Word on Gambling" in the *Outlook* for January 4th from which we extract these suggestive and important sentences:

There may be some gamblers who play the game fairly, but, so far as I can learn, they are very few. For it is the nature of the gambling passion to breed dishonesty. A truly honest bargain is by both parties to it intended to be profitable to both. If A buys a horse of B for $250, and the deal is a square one, it is made because A values the horse more than he values the $250, and B values the $250 more than he values the horse. It is true that the deal may be dishonest on one side or on both. The vender may palm off a worthless horse; the purchaser may pay in counterfeit money. But if the bargain is a square deal, it is one by which both parties are supposed to be profited. In a gambling transaction only one party can profit. What one gains the other loses. One makes his money out of the other. Gambling is simply a scheme for transferring money from the pocket of one man to the pocket of another man, with no equivalent given in return. The only semblance of an equivalent is the chance that the transfer may be made

in the opposite direction. The honest gambler is not a thief. He resembles a thief in one important respect: he transfers his victim's purse to his own pocket, and gives him nothing in return. But he is unlike the thief in one equally important respect: he gives, or professes to give, the victim a chance to get his opponent's purse without giving for it any return. But whether the gambling is by boys pitching coppers on the sidewalk, or by fine ladies playing bridge, or by professional gamblers playing with cards or dice or roulette-wheel, or by speculative gamblers on 'Change playing with stocks or grain, the basic motive is always the same—the desire to get something for nothing. And, however veiled, that is always essentially a vicious and sordid desire.

The Civic Federation of Chicago has taken steps towards investigating the workings of the Indeterminate Sentence Law in Illinois. Possibly they have been moved to this investigation by certain muttered discontent with the existing law or the manner of its enforcement. The larger committee called for this consideration at the rooms of the Federation last Friday appointed a smaller committee, of which Professor Henderson of the University of Chicago was Chairman, to make further investigation and to report upon the same. This committee will doubtless note the report made on behalf of the Industrial School for Boys in the state of Michigan at their recent conference of Charities and Correction that "out of eleven hundred and eleven paroled boys only thirty-two were returned to the institution for breaking their parole. Bishop Fallows, a member of the directory of the Pontiac Reformatory in Illinois, made an equally encouraging statement for that institution. The indeterminate sentence is right in principle, scientific in spirit. If the working of it is unsatisfactory in Illinois, let a better administration of the same be sought, not a revocation of the benign law. Illinois cannot afford to take a backward step in this direction.

In our editorial of last week concerning the departure of Mr. Salter from Chicago we stated that Mr. Salter had some kind of teaching relation to the faculty of Harvard University. We were misinformed in this matter and hasten to make correction. We are all the more glad for Mr. Salter that in escaping from one series of engagements he is not hastening into another, for he has well deserved his freedom from the outward bond, which he will not misuse, but will devote himself all the more profitably to his engagements with the spirit. It is also possible that we may have conveyed a wrong impression concerning the cause of departure of both Mr. Nottman and Mr. Salter. We did not mean to carry the impression that either of them lacked in the backing of loyal friends to give to them the full measure of appreciation they deserve. We had in mind not the unresponsive characters of their followers and backers but the hard conditions of a city life, the cruel neglect of the higher interests of the community, the material preoccupation which has so taxed the vitality and strained the nerves of those who have set for themselves the task of ministering to the higher life of the community. Perhaps these conditions are not more severe in Chicago than in other great cities; of that we have no right to judge, but certain it is that here as elsewhere the city's needs are greater than the city's consciousness of its needs.

Chicago was greatly honored during holiday week by the visit of the scientists who came hither to attend the annual meeting of the National Association of Science. With other wise men, it brought hither Samuel J. Barrows, President of the International as well as of the National Prison Congress. He is United States Commissioner and is one of the three entrusted by the state of New York with the task of building the new prison that is to supplant the disreputable prison at Sing Sing. The person who inadvertently addressed him as "Mr. Howard" need not be ashamed of the mistake, for he is the John Howard of this generation. He has literally visited the prisons in all the leading powers of Europe and in the United States. He goes up and down the country examining, condemning, approving, advising, as the case may be. Though his visit to Chicago was but for a few days, it resulted in his discovering conditions here at the Harrison Street station, for instance, that suggested Turkey or mediæval times, but he also discovered some tolerable adaptations to modern principles and was in consultation with Chief Justice Olson and others of the Municipal Court over the plans for the new buildings that are to embody the latest ideas. The bad was condemned, the good exploited, before an interested audience at the City Club last Saturday, after which Mr. Barrows left for Oklahoma, where he is to advise with the authorities of the new state to help them avoid the architectural blunders and the penal atrocities which ignorance and venal officers have fastened upon the elder sisters of the federal union. The benign face, the persuasive voice, as well as the full mind and the diligent spirit, all go to justify the subtle working of the sub-conscious self that for the moment thought of Samuel J. Barrows as John Howard. Let other cities send for our "John Howard," give him the freedom of their jails and prisons, and then give heed to his verdict.

In a recent note we called attention to the All Souls Church movement in Columbus, Ohio, under the leadership of Dr. E. L. Rexford. We are glad of further information of the new movement which has gathered into itself the strongest liberal elements of the city, and Dr. Rexford is preaching to larger congregations that he has had for years. The new organization had enrolled in four weeks one hundred seventy members and the surrounding towns are watching and supporting the interesting movement. Believing as we do that this work of Dr. Rexford is a legitimate case of evolution and that it indicates the "way out" for many communities that are over-churched as well as com-

munities where there is a sufficient number of the unchurched to make a start, we print entire the following Declaration.

OUTLINES OF AN INDEPENDENT CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

This Body shall be known as All Souls Church of Columbus, Ohio. Its purpose shall be the dissemination of rational religious-thinking in the community at large, and the culture of the highest and best sentiments in the lives of its members and friends. As advancing these aims, this church will cherish an active sympathy with all reverent and earnest seekers after truth; it will trust in an inspiration that never ceases from devout souls, and in a Revelation of divine realities that never terminates in the life of those who seek for the highest and the best. It will seek to establish righteousness among the people in their social, industrial, religious, and civic relations. it will endeavor to foster charity and good will, and all helpful fellowship among its members and in the common life around us.

This church will seek to create in the minds of each and all, faith in a common overruling Providence, in whose blessings all beings share according to their ability to comprehend, receive, and appreciate.

It will cherish faith in the brotherhood of all souls, seeing in this wide relationship, a basis of charity and the right and privilege of all people to live out the largest and best life possible to them, without the restrictions of unnatural, partial and arbitrary barriers, created by the selfishness, the ambition, the ignorance, the prejudice, or the hatred of mankind.

In the problems of human destiny, this church will cherish "The Eternal Hope" for all souls—hope that light and life may dawn more and more for all in the eternal purposes of heaven.

It will seek to practice the religion of love to God and love to man, having for its basis the doing of good, instead of a speculative creed.

It will revere the instructions of all great religious teachers who have been raised up in all ages and in all lands, who have striven to lead the people of their day to higher grounds of life and service, and as so inspired it will have an open hand and heart of fellowship for all churches, all institutions, and all men and measures seeking to establish the world in a larger possession of its waiting inheritance.

This church, believing in the guidance of the Good Spirit in human hearts, will refer a thousand and one questions of speculative religious dogmas to the individual intelligence and conscience of its members, believing that all real progress in religious life must share a large measure of personal liberty in the process of its achievements.

This church, seeking to be a church of the free spirit, reaffirms the ancient word: "Not that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpless of your joy." (II Cor. 1:24.)

Massing the sum of its intent in one word, this church will seek to increase the happiness and well being of its members by mutual service and sympathy, and so claim for itself the mission of Him who said ages ago: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John ix:10.)

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Believing in the above named principles as essential to the best life of the individual and the church, and desiring to promote them in my own life and the life of the community at large, I hereby apply for membership in this body: agreeing that so long as I retain my fellowship therein, I will, to the best of my ability, seek to promote its objects both by personal sympathy and pecuniary aid.

Name.....

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The *Open Court* for January proves itself of increasing value to the student of current thought and to teachers of religion. Any fragment of the story of the emancipation of the human intellect from the tyranny of dogma and priest-craft is timely. So the leading article in the *Open Court* for January, by the Editor, which tells the story of Galileo and his trial is not only interesting but informing, revealing. Let young men and women while still in school read this plain narrative of the trial which culminated in the decision of the "holy" tribunal that the doctrine that the sun was immovable in respect to local motion "Is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy and formally heretical. Seeing it is expressly contrary to holy scripture;" and that the further teaching that the earth is not the center of the world but moves with a diurnal motion "Is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy and, considered theologically, is at least an error of faith." And the sentence is also given: "We condemn yourself to the prison of this holy office to a time to be limited by our discretion, and we enjoin under the title of solitary penitence that during three years to come you recite once a week the seven penitential psalms." The stately document, which contains much more reading that in the light of history seems absurd, is signed by seven cardinals. But this pronunciamento of the cardinals is so antique that it is curious and humorous, but the abjuration of Galileo which follows in full text is much more modern and consequently more profitable reading. Science as well as the church has its humiliations, and one of them is this recantation on bended knees, by word of mouth, of the convictions of the mind. "I swear that I will never any more hereafter say or assert by speech or writing anything through which the like suspicion may be had of me. * * * * * I with sincere heart and faith unfeigned, abjure, execrate and detest the aforesaid errors and heresies." The story of the whispered "And yet it moves!" our Editor tells us, "is unproved though we cannot doubt that he thought something like it." Are the Galileos all dead? This number of the *Open Court* contains another article of great interest to the minister,—a translation of Count Goblet d'Alviella's report on "The Present Religious Crisis," based on the symposium of opinions on the religious situation published in a French magazine. Eminent names from many nations and differing faiths are here quoted, among which we find the astronomer, Flammarion, who says: "Religions and religion are two different things. The first will perish, but the latter will remain." Sir Charles Dilke says, "The religious idea is independent of churches." Charles Wagner says, "I see appearing from the shadows a religion which is the religion of tomorrow. It is human piety in its powerful simplicity; it is the sacred record of love, of grief, of labor, of all that constitutes humanity." Björnson, the great Norwegian novelist, says, "Some dogmas henceforth insufferable are falling and at the same stroke are diminishing the distance which separates religion from piety. * * * Religious sects are renouncing to some extent almost all that distinguishes them from each other, and this will unite them in one common adoration of an eternal and benevolent power." The good Count himself closes the discussion and says, that "the rapidity with which churches can be transformed into instruments of humanitarian reform, leaving theological differences in the background, is proven by the study of protestantism in the United States."

"What Is It to Be a Christian?"

This is a favorite pulpit theme. The theologians in all the Christian centuries have been busy in inventing answers. In the earlier centuries the secret of Jesus' power was sought in his supernatural endowments, a preternatural birth, a mystic embodiment of divinity. The author of "Ecce Homo" satisfied thousands of hearts by relating the secret of his power to his enthusiasm for humanity, his passion for men, his interest in life. Renan would interpret his power to a tender, mother-like love for individuals, the potency of sympathy, the touch of pity. While Thomas Hughes found his potency in his courage and his manliness, he gave currency to a phrase which for a time gave virility to religious circles, viz., "muscular Christianity." In his little book on "The Manliness of Christ" he suggested a Christian Guild, charter membership in which would be contingent upon some testimony of conspicuous bravery, some daring deed done.

This is a suggestion still too much overlooked. Suppose some such an answer as this might prevail for a while to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?"

The power to stand alone, the defiance, when needs be, to majorities, a recognition of the truth that "one with God is a majority."

Any estimate of the character of Jesus that leaves out the stalwart factor, that overlooks the fact that he was a heretic and a reformer and that there was necessarily in him a battling element, is inadequate. This is not all, but this is an indispensable element, and perhaps in these days it is the element most neglected. How timid often are the would-be "apostles of the Christ." How cautious are the "disciples" of him whose "yea" was yea and "nay" nay.

It will not do to let the pathos in the Nazarene story obscure us to the heroism in it. The sense of the divine dependant commended by the "Christians" must ever go with a manly independence if it is to be true to the example and the teaching of the Nazarene.

One attribute of the "Christian," then, certainly, is heroism; the ability to be true to ideals in the presence of ignorant enemies, to stand by one's convictions in defiance to beseeching tears and the solicitations of loved ones; the man who can face defeat and is independent of the crowd; the one who is unswayed by the logic of success; who is not entangled by the argument, "Why, if my contention is true, are not the people here? Where is the crowd? Why are the nice women and the popular men not here?" But rather the man who faces ruin and defeat rather than to blur the vision.

It will not do to forget that he who is confessed as Master by over four hundred million people, from whose birthday the very notes and mortgages are dated today, was put to death between two thieves after having been all but deserted by the selected few, his chosen followers.

What if the preachers would all try to render Christianity into terms of courage for a while and to bring the stalwart element of the gospel to the front, and apply the same to the hot questions of today and the high issues of church and state!

The Theology of Modern Science

Of course it is patent to every thoughtful student of our age that all the assaults which the literary-critical study of the Bible has made on the older theology are inconsiderable as compared with the revolutionary findings of modern science; but we have rarely seen this truth so forcibly stated as in an address by the late Dean Hulbert, before the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and now published in a posthumous volume entitled, "The English Reformation and Puritanism." At another time we shall review this volume, but for the present we quote from the address entitled "The Man and the Message for the Twentieth Century":

> The now accepted teaching is that the present order of things animate and inanimate, has come about through an evolutionary process, stretching over myriads of ages. Since Darwin's day, the entire scientific world has adopted the theory of inorganic and organic evolution. The material worlds and the vegetable and animal kingdoms, including man himself, are all embraced in the process. That man's bodily organism arose out of earlier animal organisms, comparative anatomy and embryology have so conclusively proved that the scientific mind no longer entertains a doubt. That his intellect and conscience were also evolved is not so clear. That his animal nature is the product of evolution all agree; that his rational moral natures can be explained in the same way, some affirm and some deny. This is still debatable ground, but the problem is being studied with passionate interest, and perhaps there is warrant for saying that the advocates of the theory that "man is out and out the child of evolution" outdo their opponents both in numbers and ability. It is not impossible that the twentieth century will witness the vindication and triumph of their view. Certain it is that evolution, partial or entire, is here, and, in one form or another, is the accepted belief of the learned world. And so the pertinent and practical inquiry comes, What will the Christian preacher and leader do about it? I insist that the necessity is upon him to do something. "He can
> had happened." . . . . not go on his way as if nothing
>
> Take three or four examples by way of illustration: (1) Is the idea and act of creation, as set forth in the first chapter of Genesis, compatible with the idea and process of evolution? . . . . (4) Can the Christian doctrine of man's primitive innocence and subsequent fall be brought into harmony with the scientific idea of man as evolved from the lower animal kingdom, and ever advancing to higher degrees of perfection? (5) But if the first Adam can, in any sense, be said to be the child of evolution, where can be found a place in the all-embracing evolutionary process, for the second Adam? (6) Can a man be a thorough-going evolutionist and continue to believe in the incarnation and atonement, in sin and forgiveness, in providence and prayer, in the work of the Spirit and the immortality of the soul?
>
> These are large inquiries, in contrast with which questions of Pentateuchal criticism sink into insignificance; and they are inquiries which will agitate the bosoms of men as the twentieth century preacher and teacher delivers his gospel message. If it turns out that evolution has, from the beginning, been God's mode of procedure, a way must be found for adjusting this procedure to the revelations He has made of himself in Scripture and in Christ. Groping and bewildered souls will rightfully demand that Christian leaders point out this way.

> Who shall reckon our debt to the pine? It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It builds us roofs; no others keep out sun so well. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music and a balsam of healing in the air, . . . and at last, in its death, it makes our very hearthstones ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth.—*H. H.*

THE PULPIT

The Relation of "Settlements" and Religion; or, The Place or Religion As It May Be Experienced in Settlements

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 8, 8 P. M., MISS JANE AADAMS PRESIDING, CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MARY M. LEPPO.

Miss Addams: Although Mr. Jones for many years has presided over a church, we feel that Lincoln Centre might yet be called a settlement. It has been a matter of gratification to the people who live in settlements to have Lincoln Centre demonstrate that settlements are applicable to every neighborhood, that the settlement is an idea, an attempt to form a center in which people may meet to shake out their hearts and to exchange views of life, that may become the collective view.

When it was proposed to devote one evening of this anniversary to the discussion of settlements and their purpose, it seemed quite fitting that the subject should be "The Relation of Settlements and Religion; or, The Place of Religion as it may be experienced in Settlements."

In the early days, when the first settlements were started, the movement became identified with clergymen. Mr. Barnett was for many years vicar of St. Judes in East London; Toynbee Hall was built next door to St. Judes; Mr. Barnett was the first warden and continues to be warden of Toynbee Hall. Although he is a churchman and presumably stands well with his church, having recently been made Canon of Westminster, he insists that there is a distinction between a settlement and a mission. And I suppose because this distinction was emphasized in all the early settlements, the belief has become current that religious motives have been eliminated from the settlements. Canon Barnett said that a mission was an old word in the history of the church; that it had gathered around it some of the holiest names in the church calendar, but that throughout the years it had always been distinguished by the effort of propaganda. The people who founded a mission tried to persuade other people to believe as they believed. A mission usually held some form of religious belief; it might conceivably be devoted to single tax, or temperance, or any other form of belief, but in any event it persuaded other people to accept it. A settlement was unlike that; a settlement went into a given territory, not to persuade people to believe as the people in the settlement believed. The residents went to live in that neighborhood, to make friends with the people already living there; the residents threw in their lot with their neighbors; went up and down with the hopes and fears of such a neighborhood, endeavored to bring forth the moral resources which might be latent there. But they were not there nor could they ever be there for the purpose of propaganda.

Because this distinction was over-emphasized in the beginning and because the settlements have always been careful to guard this distinction, I think perhaps they have at last confused the public mind.

So a discussion of the relation between organized religion or between the larger religion which is unorganized and the spirit dominant in settlements may be of value to the public as well as to the residents in settlements and to the people who come to worship in Lincoln Centre.

I take very great pleasure in introducing as the first speaker, Mrs. Mary Simkhovitch, from New York. Mrs. Simkhovitch has conducted a very successful settlement in New York; she is a good church-woman and I am sure she will present the subject as perhaps no one in Chicago is able to present it. Certainly she will give us a new point of view and preserve that which we will always be glad to have heard.

Mrs. Simkhovitch: This summer it was my good fortune to spend in Maine. We took a little trip for two days, visiting a very extraordinary island called Grand Manan. It was during the time of the August moon. Those who have visited this place will remember how isolated it is. The people are engaged in old-time fishing. The island is full of romantic traditions; skeletons line the rocky bottom of the sea; one feels the presence of the dead; the rapid tides make it impossible to keep one's boat on a steady course.

We journeyed around the island; coming back we saw the thousands of gulls flying just over the cliffs, four hundred feet high. Back of us flamed the orange sunset sky, and over the cliffs in solemn fullness rose the moon.

In the presence of this pageantry of nature, man disappeared, and from behind the curtain the Unseen stepped for that brief moment. The experience was unforgetable and religious in character.

Three days ago I came through Pittsburg. The crowding hills pregnant with iron and oil were enveloped in a dense cloud of fog. The approach to the city had in it an element of power, of terror and at the same time of desolation that no American city can rival. Down the hills crept little muddy yellow streams. On the shores were the desolate barren little workmen's dwellings, unrelieved by tree or garden plot. And as the city finally loomed in powerful mastery before one, the consciousness of the majesty and yet the crudeness of modern industrial life became almost overwhelming. The foggy day and the flaring night recalled the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night of the Old Testament story.

But not the flaring lights, nor the teeming hills formed the keynote of Pittsburg's powerful impress, but rather the mastery of man whose Titanic skill had created this vast industry and had forced nature to yield homage to its genius. But who were the Niebelungen of this great Wagnerian drama? Men also—but men only in the making; men who are thought of as means to an end.

Before Pittsburg one can but feel a prostration of spirit compared with which the religious feeling induced by Grand Manan is indeed feeble. For not in the grandeur of nature does one perceive God as does one in the contemplation of the onward march of Man no matter how incomplete or even how cruel may be the phase of his progress toward a perfect Society.

Both of these experiences were religious. But what do we mean by religion in that connection? We mean by religion *that which has power to command the whole of us.* In this sense the artist is religious; he is commanded by his ideal. The lover is religious. In a certain sense, if we are really grown up, whether we want to be or not, we are bound to be religious, because in a measure life tends to make us less fragmentary.

If this is true of individuals, is it not true also of institutions or groups of people? I think we may ask, then, is there not some dominant idea that commands the whole of the settlement movement? What is then the religion of the settlement? At the first glance it

would not seem as if the settlement would be likely to have any religion as we ordinarily conceive of religion. We see groups of people in the settlement of very different ideas, belonging to all kinds of churches, and those who are opposed to any so-called religious creed. We find people with all these different points of view, and yet in a way we recognize that there is something that commands the whole of the settlement. What is the one kind of person for which the settlement cannot stand, as a member of its living and working group?—and there is only one kind—it is the person who really does not believe in his fellow man, one who will not be a comrade; that person is a schismatic, a heretic, and has to be put out.

There is then a religion of the settlement and that religion is really a belief in democracy; that is the whole of the religion of the settlement.

Some people have idly fancied that the settlement claims to be a solution of the social problem. No one deeply identified with the settlement has ever dreamed of putting forth such a claim. The settlement offers no solution, but it does offer a belief and a method. The mission of the settlement is to maintain a belief in human fellowship and in common with the deepest note of all religions to proclaim the essential unity of the human race. The settlement by its daily contact with the life of simple people is in a good position to keep that faith in man alive and burning. That is why the settlement has become so discontented with a good many kinds of reform and with a good many forms of philanthropic effort. It is suspicious of anything that has not the spirit of comradeship and real belief in brotherhood at the bottom of it.

The charity that believes that a favored few, the trained expert and the man of social and educational advantages, can without the co-operation of the many, of the mass of people, make any real and lasting progress is looked upon with suspicion and distrust by the settlement whose religious conception of brotherhood feels that government by a class is indeed schismatic.

This belief in people has certain very big implications. It means that each person has a contribution to bring and that it is the business of human society to try to find out what that contribution is and not to miss it. In the same way, all races have a contribution to bring, and we must not miss these contributions.

I know a charming French girl who married an unresponsive American husband, appropriately a foreman on the ice docks. His idea of happy married life was to return home in the evening to read the newspaper and to be surrounded by *silence*. His lively French wife with love of talk and of company found this very irksome and was obliged to resort to little lunch parties at home with her French friends to keep her from real sadness. What a pity her husband did not realize the rich contribution to family life of a little more gayety of spirit than he was accustomed to find agreeable!

To bring out what is in each, to see to it that life does not go to waste or remain arid where it might flower is the keynote of democratic education. When little Jimmie O'Hara's diligent mother was so anxious for him to get the advantages of schooling that she hired two small boys at ten cents apiece to drag him out from under the bed and assist him, one on each side, down the block to school, one can but ask what was that school doing to develop Jimmie's individuality if it proved to him so obnoxious to attend?

Or, in another field, if charity is to be efficient, must it not consider the *whole person*, the human being, and not merely the economic aspect of a given instance? The insufficient pension to Mrs. Halsberg, with growing school children, was insufficient to allow her, as janitor of an otherwise respectable tenement house, to withstand the unobtrusive bribery of a woman tenant whose friendly and attractive presence threatened the virtue of her young daughters.

Society has a duty towards the development of the personality of all its members. Each person and each race has something to offer. There is an opportunity which we must not let go by. All that we see in the people about us is something that we should value more than we do. And these values need constant translation into larger terms. The simple things that are really the important things,—the devotion of a mother to her child, the feeling of loyalty of friend to friend, the desire to help the weak, the instinctive distrust of the power of wealth or of education where it is not humanized and incarnated in friendly human beings using their advantages for the common good —all these are rich treasures which it should be the settlement's joy to translate and transfer as a contribution to society as a whole.

It is because poverty more than anything else stunts and distorts these virtues and grafts upon them much that is unlovely that democracy and poverty are at bottom irreconcilable. The abolition of poverty should not be a dream but a vital purpose. As an integral part, therefore, of the settlement's religion must be considered this plank in its platform—the abolition of poverty, and together with all who are likeminded it proposes to follow up the paths that lead to this end.

This religion of the settlement, the religion of democracy, must emphasize also the fact of a vital, present faith. We can not look back towards any kind of a tradition and gather from that the impulse for the present. This does not mean that we must abandon tradition, that we must not value the religions of the past, but *in so far as these cannot be made vital for us* we must throw them over. To be true to the vision of a democratic human society is of the first importance. In so far as the religions, the traditions, the forms, the ideals of the past strengthen this vision, they have spiritual meaning for us. In so far as they are not vital for us it is folly to pretend that they represent our deepest convictions. How many of the noblest festivals of religion have become degraded by ignoble use! Christmas has been smirched by its pressure of overwork for thousands of women, Thanksgiving passes with the springs of gratitude untouched, and Easter is vulgarized by display. But still to millions Christmas brings the deep message of the presence of God in daily life, Thanksgiving brings to a common board the members of widely separated families to build up again a common life, and Easter speaks in many ways to those of many creeds of eternal hope. Thus the old carries with it to many the memory of the new. And yet to growing numbers I am sure that the prophet Isaiah cannot bring anything like so spiritual a message as can the appealing statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens in Lincoln Park.

It does not make any difference by what means this religion is spread. The end is the same, "The kindling of the candle of the Lord."

In attempting to work out the implications of democracy we cannot escape touching every phase of life. In education democracy means the development of each person to fill his proper place in the world adequately—to find out what that place is, and to provide efficient training. In industry democracy must de-

mand that no man be treated primarily as means to an end, but that industry be so conducted that each man plays his part without ceasing to be a man. If industry makes of man a machine and not a co-operating comrade in so far industry must be remodeled.

The religion, therefore, of the settlement is democracy, and the high task we have set before us is the realization of this democracy. Political democracy we have inherited. It is a precious heritage—the task of the present and of the future is to fill out this political form with the rich content of democracy in our whole social structure.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

When I referred to *Growth,* in a recent review, I had not thoroughly read it—only dipped into it, reviewer fashion. I did not know that I was handling, by all odds, the best novel of the year—a really great production—a sincere study, and the expression of the growth of the soul. I have read it now, and with a satisfaction not easily expressed. There are passages in it that are indescribably fine. The characters live in every sense of the word. I do not know where one may find, elsewhere, so many strong characters—helpful; and such wholesome tracings of manly and womanly evolution. Here is a sample stroke, "When one is made to feel the attitude of the Church of Rome even now—the colossal calmness, the brazen effrontery, ignoring the flight of time—one understands that only a brute like Martin Luther could have done it." It does rouse the brute in any man's nature to fight bigotry and superstition. One looks back with wonder in these calmer days, to see how rudely, even brutally, he was compelled to deal with the bitter intolerance of the last century. *Growth* is published by Henry Holt & Co. of New York, and is the work of Margaret Todd—or as she calls herself, Graham Travers.

The only other surprise that I have found among my books is with *Beth Norvell*—one of the novels of Randall Parrish and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. This book is really very strong and has a good deal of the flavor and character of the work of Cooper. It deals with Western life as Cooper dealt with Indian life. It is fresh, vigorous and true to life.

From Macmillan Company I have *Christianity and the Social Order*—the last book of R. J. Campbell, minister of the Temple in London. It would be asking too much of a reviewer to discuss the questions, rather bluntly settled by this author. It is, however, "a grand buik," and it "takes hold of things," everyday things, and it doesn't fear to have its say about every and any of our institutions. It must be read, and it will certainly do a lot of good. Let it work its work.

From Macmillan Company I have *My Merry Rockhurst,* by Agnes and Edgerton Castle. I cannot see why the authors of that fine novel, *The Pride of Jennico,* should spend their time in spinning out such a worthless novel as this.

I wish to call your attention to the increasing value of *The Arena.* The struggle of this noble magazine to give the American people both sides of great social questions ought to be generously recognized by a larger constituency. Let the wealthy readers of UNITY think over what they can do to sustain the struggle which is now carried on so bravely by Mr. Flower, the editor, and Mr. Brandt, the publisher. It would be a positive disaster if this magazine could not be any longer published. E. P. POWELL.

Lumiere's Success.

Pictorial photography is the most modern of arts in that it is most truly of our own time. Fettered by no superannuated methods, keeping ever in touch with the newest developments in all fields of science, it is fitted to record and interpret the varied and multicolored life of today. While it has never been the aim or ambition of the advanced pictorial photographer, deeply cognizant of the true significance of the camera, to compete with the illustrious names in art, comparisons became inevitable because of the absence of a better standard by which to judge his work; and by reason of certain established prejudices, pictorial photography was as bitterly opposed as its relation to our own time was vaguely understood. Step by step, however, it has come to occupy its rightful position, and gradually its opponents have ceased their scoffing. But though art bodies and even painters were willing to accord pictorial photography a place among the arts and even to admit that in some of this work there was a beauty, a grace, and a truth different from what had before been presented in all the realm of chiaroscuro, they still postulated that color would always remain solely the sphere of the painter. The crude attempts at color photography that appeared from time to time only served to discredit the possibility of anything worthy ever being achieved in this field of photography. That was only yesterday. Today color photography is an accomplished fact, thanks to the untiring efforts of Antoine Lumiere and his sons, whose newly perfected autochromatic plate records the most delicate shades of color with simplicity and absolute certainty.—*From J. Nilsen Laurvik's "The New Color Photography" in the January Century.*

A Legend

A dead dog lay at fair Judea's gate,
  The scavenger of unclean offal he!
And each good Jew, moved with his creed's just hate,
  Spurned the cold carcass right contemptuously.

There were no epithets too foul, too vile,
  To heap upon the creature as it lay,
Whose sight could sicken, and whose touch defile,
  Such pure disciples of the law as they.

A stranger pass'd and looked upon the dead,
  With Christ's own charity His soft eyes shone,
"Pearls are not whiter than its teeth," He said.
  And 'mid the hush of censure, passed on.

Learn thou the lesson! When all tongues decry,
  Leave slander, calumny, abuse to them—
It may be that the Saviour, passing by,
  In His good time, will search and find a gem.

—*Warner Snoad.*

And to those who are no longer children, or lovers, I leave memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, of these and others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.—*Williston Fish, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A Texas Congress

I enclose an account of a Thanksgiving service which I know will please the readers of Unity. This is the first service of the kind ever held in Texas—and, so far as I know, in the whole South—where *all* the religious denominations were included (some of them, of course, refusing to be present). But it is a near approach to what we are working for. There were about 2,200 people present and several hundred turned away for lack of seating capacity. Dallas is indebted to a Jewish *rabbi* for this service, he being the *only* man who could unite the warring Christian sects. Being entirely *outside* of the Christian fold, he was enabled as a disinterested *third* party to approach the Romanists and Protestants and combine them to good effect. No Christian minister could have done this. Is not this a suggestion for all Jewish rabbis? Can they not do for divided Christendom what the Christians themselves are now unable to do? It is worth considering and trying. I was struck with the enthusiasm of the laymen in this move, and the timidity, not to say offishness, of the clergy. After all, it may be the preachers and leaders of the people who are keeping up the sect walls, and not the people.

The laymen of *all* denominations were loud in the praises of such a service and gave it a hearty and substantial support, and are already planning for another service like it for next year. Cordially yours,

Marion Franklin Ham.

A UNION SERVICE.

Bush Temple was crowded yesterday afternoon with all the persons who could get standing room in pit or gallery. The occasion was the union Thanksgiving service. It was attended by persons of all of the creeds of religious belief and there were those not allied with any declared dogma. Hundreds were turned away from the place, unable to get even standing room.

The presiding office was held by Dr. William H. Greenburg, rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, who suggested the idea of the service. The organ prelude was by David E. Grove, Jr., organist of St. Matthew's Cathedral. Mrs. Blankenship, Miss Burke, Clarence Magee and Joe B. Rucker, as a quartette, sang "Ye Shall Dwell in the Land." Dean Harry T. Moore, of St. Matthew's Cathedral read from Deut. viii. the adjuration of Moses to the Israelites that in time of their prosperity they should remember God and praise him. Dr. James W. Hill, of the First Methodist Church, pronounced the invocation. Rev. Marion Franklin Ham, of the First Unitarian Church, read from Psalm xxiv, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and the rest of the song of praise and thanks.

Mrs. George Fred Thompson sang "How Long Wilt Thou Forget?" Dr. J. W. Hill, of the Methodist Church, told of the inspiration of the union of thanks, of the blessings of a liberal age, liberal because it believed something and has love as the guiding principle.

The quartette sang "A Harvest Hymn," expressive of the gathering of God's people into one. Father James M. Hayes, of Sacred Heart Cathedral, delivered a short address in which he thanked God for an age in which men may have their own beliefs and yet may accord to others a sincerity as complete and a freedom as secure as they ask for themselves. Mrs. Fred Bell as a soloist sang "A Song of Thanksgiving." Dr. William H. Greenburg read from the Psalms and from Micah, the theme being "For all people shall walk every one in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God forever."

The most extended address of the afternoon was that of Dr. J. Frank Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church. He talked of the work each individual has as a part of the great universe and the importance of each in its place. He emphasized the gratitude each should have for what he is privileged to do. Led by him, the audience joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. "America" was sung by all standing. Dr. Greenburg gave the benediction, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

"One would be more or less than human who did not appreciate the spirit of this occasion," Dr. Hill said in making his address. "We are come to an understanding of the truth that the Lord's church is made up of the Lord's elect and that his members are in all parts of the earth and that the work of the militant branches is not to succeed each at the expense of another; but all together working for the winning of those who know not God. The presence of all of us here is a testimony to the prevalence of this idea. In the great world-wide empire of Britain, no matter where the warfare or the work may be, the peoples who make up the great country look to the palace of St. James and to the Parliament in London as the center of their liberties. So in the workers of the world all servants of the one God are looking to him as the author of their faith and the giver of all their good and perfect gifts.

"The tone and character of a people is determined by the intensity of religious conviction and the depth and height of the ideal. To appreciate this it is only necessary to witness those nations which have the religion of one God and the nations who know him not. We ought to be thankful today that we are children of forefathers of deep religious conviction and unbounded faith, and that we are in a country where there is no restriction upon our conscience and no bar to the word of God. We are a liberal people because we are a believing people. He is not liberal who does not himself believe. It is not the Pantheon of pagan Rome, but the unity and freedom of believing America, that makes us owe the debt of gratitude today. We allow to all others the same liberty of belief that we ask for ourselves. Serving men, we are serving God with the greatest and best of service."

Father Hayes declared that he entered with joy into such a service as this occasion offered.

"The time has gone when men hate each other because they differ in belief," he said. "Religion is naught but love, because God is love, and where love is there is liberty. All men are uniting in the one great family with common desire and common end. The Jew may in free America continue to believe that he is of the race of God's specially chosen; the Protestant may believe that the movement of the sixteenth century commonly called the Reformation was the great purifying factor of the church of God; the Catholic may believe that the church is the means of the revelation of God's will and the manifestation of the Godhead. But it is all a church universal, with the one Father God."

The following was the address of Rev. J. Frank Smith:

"According to an old legend, two angels, the angel of Thanks and the angel of Petition, were commissioned to come to the world. The first said: 'God has given so many things to men that I shall be unable to carry all of the thanks I shall get. I ought to have help; but I suppose God knew best when he sent me alone. I can make two trips.' So that enthusiastic spirit started early in the day. The angel of Petition said: 'God has given so much to men that there is surely little left to ask for. I'll start early and finish the task, that I may have something else to do.' And the industrious spirit took along only a small basket and a crown and a harp, for surely the task would be easy.

"But a great surprise awaited both of the heavenly visitants. The angel of Thanks worked from early morn to late evening and came home at night with a single 'I thank you' rolling around in the basket. The angel of Petition returned in the early forenoon with her clothing torn and her crown awry. She staggered under the weight of the load of requests, and was fearful that she might lose one.

"You and I are here today to put into the basket of Thanks our thanksgiving. Let's gladden the heart of God and the universe by giving good measure, heaped up and brimming over. We should be thankful for a part of the perpetual anthem of thanksgiving. From very early days noble souls have poured out their praise to Jehovah. When Eve's firstborn smiled into her loving eyes she thought of God. When Noah successfully crossed the deluge he remembered his Preserver. When Israel stood on the Canaan side of the Red Sea there was a shout of joy. When the ancient captivity was over the poets of the people of God broke forth into songs of joy and praise. When the Galilean Jesus came into a full consciousness of his message for his race and for all races he thanked the Lord of heaven and earth. When the empire of Rome grew tolerant of other faiths and men could worship in the reign of the Cæsars the God their understandings dictated they gave thanks. When the spell of the Dark Ages was broken and a new light and a new learning and a new world emerged great souls gave thanks. When the Pilgrim fathers, after sea and winter and plague of terror, gathered from earth their first harvest they gave thanks. When our Revolutionary patriots, after Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Yorktown,

realized that victory had come to their immortal cause, they gave thanks.

"Today you and I, in taking up the note of Thanksgiving, join an honored company, a choir invisible but real. We blend our praise with the music that started before the morning stars sang together. I am glad we can appear in such a chorus. If I were an intelligent petal of an American Beauty rose I should be glad to be a part of such a creation. If I were a conspicuous atom of paint in the Madonna of Raphael I should give thanks for the honor. If I were a knowing piece of a matchless orchestra I should be grateful to have a part in the sublime music. So today I am thankful for a part in the anthem of Thanksgiving that has gathered into his age-long melody the notes of the angels, heroes and men of worth of all centuries.

"We should be thankful for a hand in the enrichment of the joys, comforts, knowledge and life of the world. The other day my laundryman rode rapidly by in an automobile. My wife said to me: 'You have a lot of money in that machine.' It thrilled me like a note of a song. It has been a perpetual pleasure to me. 'Our automobile' has been a perpetually delightful meditation. Over and over I enlarge on the thought. If I help men pay for their automobiles I do far more. If I buy a piece of beef I encourage the growing of fine cattle on a thousand hills and enable the beef trust to reap a greater harvest. When I drive a nail or buy a tool of steel, or break my knife or whet away a piece of my razor, I am giving to the steel corporation a new opportunity to buy libraries for the people. When I light my lamp or clean my windows or ride on the train I am enriching the Standard Oil Company so that its head may build universities. When I pay my taxes I am aiding the city and county and State to build roads and streets, schools and orphanages and civilization. The lowliest citizen is a shareholder in the richest concerns of the globe. His dividends may not be in cash paid quarterly. But it is at least in the consciousness in having helped promote such gigantic means of serving the world. Nothing should keep me from enjoyment over this thought. Armour and I built a great school in Chicago. Rockefeller and I built a great university by the lake side and established a mighty fund for teachers. Carnegie and I have established many a library over the world. Dallas and I have helped many a pauper, healed many a sick man, educated many a child and paved the streets for the traffic of the great city. The State, the nation and I have been of unmeasured service in helping the pleasure, safety and wealth of mankind. Is this not a legitimate joy? Am I not a part of the great industrial, social, religious, divine force of the world? You know the story of the proud German workman who boasted to an American, admiring Cologne Cathedral, 'A fine piece of work we have done.' 'What had you to do with it?' he was asked. 'I helped make the mortar.' You know the story of the king who forbade any to aid in the erection of a mighty church. When it was finished and he thought to gloat in selfish pride he learned in a vision that God gave the glory to another. Investigation proved it to be a poor woman who had given a wisp of grass to a famished ox drawing a heavy stone. My task, my contribution to the great work may be small as these, but this entitles me to a share in the glory. It is no truer that the raindrops and rivulets make the great rivers than that the work of hands now dust and of your hands and money have made the great industrial enterprises, the great State in which we live and the great nation of which we are citizens. With all the depths of my soul I thank God for a part in these triumphs. I may be short of the money in banks, but what I have had has helped and enriched innumerable persons and organizations.

"We ought to be thankful for life in a tolerant age. True, we find a little moss, sometimes lengthy, hanging from the backs of many people. Certain lines of clinging to the outgrown things afflict most of us. But we have emerged. We have climbed higher. We have inflated our lungs with a freer air. We have breathed deeper of the things of God. We are no more afraid of witches. *Persecutions are dead in America. The higher critic is not a bogy man except to a few religious persons with weak backs. Denominational lines are tumbling. You see on this rostrum a Catholic beside a Unitarian and a Methodist beside a Jew, and there is no spitting of fire.* (Applause.) We are learning that the legend of the shattered image of truth, the fragments of which flew over the earth to be picked up by all tribes and people and tongues till God's fullness of time should come for the gathering together again of the pieces for a perfect reconstruction, was a prophetic insight into what is being realized more and more today. Strange things are happening. A few years ago there was a great congress of religions, in which men of every faith under heaven were gathered together. None was there to betray a principle or to win proselytes; but they met for sympathy, for mutual understanding and for helpfulness. A Brahmin priest suggested the breathing of a universal prayer, and all united in the one which Jesus taught to his apostles when they prayed, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' This afternoon the same spirit is here. As with one mind we are offering our thanksgiving. As one mind we pour our praise as the sons and daughters of the same loving Lord."

The stage was specially fitted for the meeting yesterday. On a great scroll on the rear of the stage was the inscription, "Have We Not All One Father?" At the front of the platform was a great American flag extending entirely across the opening. At each side were draped the smaller flags. Flowers and potted plants were plentiful. At the center of the stage was a lectern, in the shape of a cross, in draping which a silken flag was used that changed the symbol of suffering into the expression of liberty and thanksgiving.

A contribution that amounted to more than $200 was taken. It is to be given to the United Charities.

The fitting of the stage was done without cost to the meeting by Sanger Bros., an expression of approval of what is intended for an annual meeting. The flowers were given in the same spirit by Henry Holtkamp.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Prospect and Retrospect.

Those who have read the records of the year just closed find ground and reason for larger hopes and ambitions for the year which has dawned. In the world of trade the figures are astounding and can only be appreciated by those accustomed to compare and measure such results. Chief Austin, of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, gives in a single sentence a record that knows no parallel in the world's history: "The exports of this nation last year amounted to two billion dollars, the imports one and one-half billion dollars." With practically all the countries of the world the commerce of the year shows a marked increase over previous years. In Chicago alone, it is asserted, a total of one hundred and ninety-five million dollars' worth of produce was handled in the markets during the year; more than one million dollars' worth of live stock being sold daily at Chicago Yards. Despite these enormous figures, those qualified to know assert the totals will be exceeded during the current year. Assuredly in commercial lines the golden age has dawned; but the unanswered question of the hour is whether spiritual forces are adequate to the tremendous duties, temptations, responsibilities of these times.

Is Success Our Religion?

A recent message from the great Frenchman, Max Nordau, points out the danger of too strenuous life. He asserts the European runs but the American flies. "He makes success a religion, and success to him means outflanking others; his highest ambition is to break the record." He pertinently advises, "Ask yourself sometimes in the midst of your mad race, whither you are running." And again, "Earn money in order to exchange it for joy; replace your ideal of quantity with an ideal of quality; . . . get for your individual life, instead of ambition, hope; instead of competition, love; instead of triumph, happiness."

Will Practice Christian Psychology.

Following the example of some eastern Episcopal churches, Bishop Samuel Fallows opened in the Episcopal Church on the West Side to which he ministers, a department of Christian psychology, or mental therapeutics, for the treatment of physical diseases which are of a character to be remedied in this way. Bishop Fallows will undertake no cases of organic disease, and to this end will insist that his patients bring a certificate of examination by a reputable physician; but he will tender free service to the discouraged, dejected and physically weakened victims of psychological disorders. Undoubtedly all nerve diseases, melancholia, hysteria, neurasthenia, bad habits and the like may be helped and in most cases cured by such a line of ministry and helpfulness as Dr. Fallows has adopted. Here certainly is a much-needed and important truth which the followers of Christian Science have demonstrated to us and which can be adopted without the other vagaries so often included.

The Religion of True Science.

As the big Cunard liner Panonia came plowing through the storm of the Atlantic on Christmas day, suddenly the engines were stopped and the vessel lay to for an hour in the midst of the ocean. No accident had happened in the engine room; no machinery was broken; the complicated mechanism of science was working

to perfection; but on the operating table in the ship's hospital a surgeon was about to perform an operation for appendicitis, and in order that all external conditions should be most favorable the engines of the great ship were stopped and commercial science listened to the heart-beat of suffering humanity.

The Elements Take a Hand.

What the State of Illinois was trying to do by slow process of the courts, in its suit against the Economy Light and Power Company, the elements of Nature, aided, perhaps by the pumps of the Sanitary District of Chicago, speedily accomplished last week in one hour, when a young freshet tore away the Dresden Heights dam in the Desplaines Valley. The question at issue was as to the navigability of the Desplaines River, which this dam would effectually prevent, and the matter of an open water way to the Gulf, which was indirectly involved. Papers from the rural districts will doubtless soon reveal that a prayer meeting was held somewhere and this providential result came as an answer thereto. Fortunate man who offered his prayer at the right time!

Secretary Taft Speaks in Boston.

The addresses by the War Secretary before the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, as well as before the Congregational ministers' meeting of Boston last week, made manifest three very definite facts: First, the magnetism and increasing popularity of the Secretary; second, his absolute loyalty to the administration in its campaign against unrighteousness in high places as well as low; and, third, his fearless advocacy, even in the city of the Anti-Imperialists, of what he regards as the high duty and Christian obligation of this nation toward the Filipinos, who he asserts will not be ready to govern themselves for some time yet. Some religious people recognize Secretary Taft as a true missioner of religion to that dusky race.

Members of First Duma Sentenced.

Last week 167 members of the first Russian Parliament, who had signed the Viborg manifesto after being prorogued by the Czar, were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was manifest that the government did not dare take up these cases at the time of the so-called treasonable action, and even now, when it feels stronger, the sentence imposed is remarkably lenient for a Russian court. The trial, which began on Christmas day, was notable for the powerful speeches by prominent defendants, and in many quarters it is believed the action will serve to hearten and inspire rather than overawe the opponents of the government. In addition to imprisonment, the sentence debars from Russian politics some of the most liberal leaders in the constitutional movement, and this, of course, is the most serious blow to the liberalists.

The New Year's Stocking.

The Chicago University expects its largest Christmas gifts on New Year's day, and this year was no exception to the rule. Not long ago President Judson and four members of the Board of Trustees met Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., in the East and presented the needs of the University and asked for $191,000. They were, however, disappointed in the amount that was given, for the genii of their good fortune refused to recognize the amount asked for and calmly threw in a couple million besides! One hundred and fifty-five thousand goes to pay the deficit of the year; $36,000 to supply special needs, and the $2,000,000 to general endowment. The total gifts of Mr. Rockefeller to the University now amount to a trifle less than $24,000,000.

Mrs. Eddy Not a Philanthropist.

Our humble apologies are due the founder of Christian Science for our error last week in accusing her of recognizing the mere animal needs of the poor and hungry. We should have known that she would never encourage the feeding of hungry bodies since her chief concern is to teach souls to ignore physical wants. Mrs. Eddy has given $1,000,000 to the end that the poverty-stricken may hear her lectures free and thus be clothed and fed with truth and light, and presently become self-supporting practitioners of this noble science.

The Reign of Lawlessness.

Last week two members of the police force were shot by young thugs on the West Side, one of whom died very shortly and the second was fatally injured. As one result of these crimes, the Chief of Police ordered the wholesale arrest of a great number of possible criminals, ordering them detained in custody until recent victims of holdups and robberies might be able to identify their assailants. The death of brave men is greatly to be deplored, but if by this means the authorities will recognize that a law on the statute books must be enforced by officials, if a respect for the law is to be inculcated, their sacrifice will not have been in vain. Chicago needs to learn the lesson that all law must be enforced without fear or favor and all lawlessness unsparingly condemned, all law breakers inevitably punished.

American Association of Science.

The annual session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held in Chicago last week, brought a large number of savants to the city and recorded an unusual array of scientific inventions and discoveries. Prof. Herbert N. McCoy, of Chicago University, asserted the long-dreamed possibility of breaking up the elements and manufacturing new ones seems certain of achievement through the process of radium emanation. Not simply may it be possible some day to manufacture gold as the ancient philosophers hoped, but the number of elements may actually be reduced to one. Over twenty distinct radio-active substances are now known belonging to three series, in each of which one member will produce by its radio-active disintegration the following member. Among other items of interest was the reported discovery of some Arabic manuscripts of early date, including one of the Gospel of Mark, in which the sixteenth chapter had a different ending than the one found in the ordinary Greek text, which is known to be of late addition. Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlin, head of the geological department at the University, is the newly-elected president of the Association. C. A. O.

Twelve Tons of Diamonds

Is it not strange how nature distributes her favors? You will never find gold save in the desert, nor costly furs except in the Arctic wastes, where little animals need them most. And as to diamonds—in all ages the most precious commodity on earth—come with me to the arid veldt of Griqualand, and I will show you a humming town of 40,000 inhabitants with big streets stretched like protecting arms around four or five enormous pits. These are the far-famed diamond mines of Kimberley, which have produced since their incorporation over twelve tons' weight of diamonds, whose estimated value is $500,000,000.

And cast your memory back on the history of the place. Ponder it, and never again say the romance of adventure is ended by modern progress. We need not be very old to remember when news came from South Africa that savages tending their flocks had "pebbles" strong around their necks as charms, which were in reality superb diamonds. A British farmer's wife exchanged a silk shirtwaist for one of these, and a week later found she had secured the biggest bargain on record. The stone turned out to be a magnificent diamond of thirty carats and was sold in Paris for $87,000. That was the beginning.

Then old Dutch farmers found their children playing marbles with strange pieces of "glass" which they picked out of the mud walls of the houses. The secret was soon out, and prospectors, with men of science, flocked from all parts of the world, until there were at one time 15,000 adventurers washing for diamonds up and down the Vaal river. —*From "The Diamond Mines of Kimberley" in January St. Nicholas.*

The Soul's Day

How like a flute-note on the dewy air
  The wild birds' merry carol comes and goes!
  The East unfolds her colors like a rose
Whose heart is golden with the sun's warm glare.

What wonder that the bird-song is so rare!
  What wonder that the brook sings as it flows!
  The very earth, fresh from her night's repose,
Is wreathed in smiles at sight of dawn so fair.

O soul, this day is thine to imitate!
  Be then a day clothed in the living light;
Rise to thy task, and, be it small or great,
Shine on it, till thy smile hast made it bright;
Smile, smile on all thy duties, and, behold!
Thy life, like day, shall walk in robes of gold.

—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Truth needs a soul to interpret it, as money needs a soul to use it.

MON.—The world is profitless unless it is possessed by the soul.

TUES.—A great many people are ready to fight if only they had Saul's armor instead of their own sling.

WED.—Social wisdom begins not in a divided product but in an undivided heart.

THURS.—You may be called to be unhappy, but you are never called to be unlovely.

FRI.—To try to keep religion in one part of life is to have it slip away altogether; to make it occasional and intermittent is to make it unreal.

SAT.—Do your duty, and it is the door to your opportunity.

—*Francis Greenwood Peabody.*

In "Mornings in the College Chapel."

Concerning Grandmothers

There recently appeared in a magazine devoted to the multitudinous works and incomprehensible ways of the weaker sex, the portrait of a society woman of more or less prominence. The portrait wore, after the fashion of its kind, traces of an evening gown, a pearl collar and a jeweled tiara. All this was, of course, the veriest commonplace, pearl necklaces and jeweled tiaras being as plentiful in such chronicles as blueberries in August berry pastures. The shock came in the accompanying article. "Mrs. A. B. C.," the text ran, "is the most prominent figure in Elysian society. Years have no terrors for women like Mrs. A. B. C. Anyone to look at her—as may be seen from the accompanying portrait—would take her for a girl of twenty-five. In reality she is a grandmother—"

That was where the magazine slipped from our startled fingers. A grandmother! Why, grandmothers wore caps and spectacles and shining black silk aprons (except where they were concocting delicious mysteries in the kitchen) and white things around their throats—soft, fluffy things that somehow always made one think of the shining clouds in a June sky. And they wore their hair in silver puffs under white caps, or smooth, with a lovely pinky parting going through the middle. And they had fascinating brooches with pictures or braided hair inside, but never, never, pearl collars!

Yet of course—one draws a long breath as this reasonable thought comes to one—a question so important as the matter of grandmothers cannot be decided by dress alone. The figure of Madame Tucker would confute that. Madame Tucker was supposed to be Alice Campbell's grandmother—supposed to be, we say, for although not for worlds would any of us have hurt Alice's feelings by betrayal of the terrible and exciting discovery, we were sure that she was not a real grandmother. We had ascertained this by a course of patient and skillful questioning. Madame Tucker never cooked anything in her life. She never mended Alice's frocks or took care of sick people or worked in a garden. She didn't do anything but have the horses ordered for drives, or read queer books or make lace caps. It was perfectly unmistakable to everybody except poor Alice herself, that Madame Tucker really was not a grandmother at all.

For after all, there was the real test—not the clothes (we were all ravished by Madame Tucker's wonderful satins and camel's-hair shawl), but the things one did. The content of the word grandmother, so to speak, was caraway cookies, and southernwood, and bundles of flannel for poor people, and stories, and a something beyond all these which was like a bright, sunny Sunday afternoon—something that made one feel quiet and happy and "shining" inside. These were the things that made it more desirable to be a grandmother than to be anything else in the world, except perhaps the princess in fairy stories. In the old legends, the tales of the world's childhood, was it not always the grandmother who was the wonder-worker, the one with whom all wisdom rested? And how should it be otherwise? Who else could make delicious, puffy molasses cookies, plump and soft as a cushion, such as one never sees when once the portals of the Golden Age have closed behind him? Who else could make such pies, shaped like wonderful cocked hats, such delectable custards and juicy Indian puddings? In the life of Miss Susan Anthony it is recorded that the Anthony children always started for school early enough to stop at their grandmother's for fresh cheese curds, and "coffee" made of hot water poured over browned crusts of "rye and Indian" and sweetened with maple sugar. Nor did they confine themselves to a single visit a day. Just as punctual was their after-school call, when they feasted upon the cold remains of a boiled dinner set aside for them on a pewter platter. Once their mother remonstrated with them for bothering their grandmother when they could have the same things at home. Susan's response was instant and so emphatic that it effectually closed the question: "Why, grandmother's potato-peelings are better than your boiled dinners."

It was the unerring instinct of childhood. Happy grandmother who could so largely occupy her kingdom; happy Miss Anthony with so great a heritage! It is possible that the leader of Elysian society does at times lay aside the tiara, but could one picture her setting aside cold boiled dinner for her grandchildren? The imagination staggers at the thought.

Of course, cooking is the first talent of the real grandmother, but there are others only less comforting. Who else, for instance, could mend the jagged tears that an unkind fortune so frequently bestowed upon perfectly blameless and innocent victims—not only mend them so that they were a little better than new, but understand so perfectly that one was a victim of misfortune and not of original sin? Who else always knew by instinct when one had exhausted all one's resources in the long Sunday sermon, and never failed to slip into the small, eager hand two peppermint lozenges, which, if sucked slowly, exactly lasted through the time of torture? Who else knew so much about babies and sick people and poor people, and had such wonderful closets full of herbs and jellies and curious compounds whose pungent odor one hastened to sniff at every opportunity? And the garrets, too, where grandmother kept her "pieces," and one went trudging up after her to help select the things needed for Molly Brown's rheumatism or Jane Brewster's new baby—what realms of romance they were, and how glorious to dream there a whole morning with grandmother "stepping about" no farther off than the floor below! She never forgot and left one there to a startled awakening to pressing and ominous silence and the possibilities of dark corners, as others had sometimes done. Ah, no—she was grandmother; and when did a grandmother ever fail a child?

But the world moves, and grandmothers, it seems, are moving with it. We have heard of the passing of kitchens and garrets and parlors and best rooms, and now grandmothers too are passing. They play golf and go to clubs and wear tiaras and look "not a day over twenty-five." A woman who went to a milliner's the other day, and glancing distastefully at the feather-decked monstrosities displayed in the showcases, asked to be shown a simple bonnet for an old lady, was deftly corrected by the stylish young woman who waited upon her: "But, madam, there are no old ladies in these days."

Well, of course, it is a very wonderful thing to be able to stare down age—to carry fifty years so confidently that one can look a camera in the face and defy it to show more than twenty-five of them; to play golf rather than care for one's neighbors,—if indeed one has neighbors,—and write papers upon the nutritive value of foods instead of making cocked-hat pies. Yet there will always be some of us to whom life is a richer and more beautiful heritage because in sweet country places where old-fashioned ways still linger there are women who wear the gracious beauty of old age, all unconscious how beautiful it is; whose hearts are wise with the wisdom of years, and hands are skilled in simple ministries; women who never have guessed that life holds a better fortune than that of being "grandmother."

—*Mabel Nelson Thurston.*

The Wind and the Pines

Half near yet half remote, as though
Reluctant to reveal its woe,
A voice seems murmuring to the pines
Something no mortal word defines,
Borne on the wind's melodious flow
From the sad realm of Long Ago.

—*William H. Hayne.*

The Music of the Pines

These woods are never silent. In the hush
Of the high places, solemnly there goes
In endless undertone the stately rush
Of music—windy melody that grows
And ebbs and changes in uncertain time,
As if some pensive god tried here apart
Vague snatches of the harmonies divine
Before he played them on the human heart.

—*Warren Cheney.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE CALVINISTS OF HUNGARY.—It was along in the 70s, and largely through the activities of John Fretwell, in connection with the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and elsewhere, that American Unitarians in different parts of the country first learned of their co-religionists in Transylvania and gradually became somewhat familiar with certain facts in their heroic history. Today, thanks to the reports of American visitors to Hungary and Transylvania and to the unfailing representation of the Transylvanian Unitarians at the biennial congresses of religious liberals organized by the International Council, many are beginning to have an enjoyable sense of personal acquaintance with these followers of Francis David. But after all they form only one element in the religious life of Hungary. How much do we know about the rest?

Following up his admirable paraphrase of Mr. Sunderland's *Christian Register* articles on the Transylvanian Unitarians, a publicist friend of mine has embodied the results of some further researches in an article on the Calvinists of Hungary, for the *Signal de Geneve,* which I here reproduce:

"Having occasion," says the Geneva editor, "to quote from two Hungarian journals on the subject of our Separation, we think it well to give here some details concerning the Calvinist church of Hungary, very little known to French Protestants. It must, of course, be understood that in what follows we are dealing only with the kingdom of Hungary, not at all with the Austrian countries: Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, etc., whose churches have nothing in common with the Hungarian church.

The population of the kingdom of Hungary is divided among seven churches: The Roman Catholic, the Greek or united Catholic, the Eastern or schmismatic Greek church, the Reformed church of the Helvetic confession (Calvinist), the church of the Augsburg confession (Lutheran), the Unitarian church (see the *Signal* of August 3), and, lastly, Israelites.

"These churches are thoroughly organized and enjoy a remarkable degree of autonomy. There are, therefore, in the country, three Protestant churches entirely separate and independent.

"The Calvinist church (officially designated as the Evangelical reformed church, or Church of the Helvetic confession), the only one of which we shall speak today, numbers two and a half million souls. The Hungarian Calvinists, then, are four times as numerous as the French Protestants of all denominations. They all form part of one and the same church; but it has, no doubt, relatively fewer pastors than the French Protestant churches. The language spoken in this church is exclusively Magyar. Theology is taught by the three faculties of Debreczen, Budapest and Sarospatak.

"The régime of the Hungarian Calvinist church is that known as Presbyterian-synodal: Presbyterian because the church government is intrusted to elective mixed councils, in which the laity are represented as well as the clergy—synodal because the individual churches throughout the country are united under a representative system with a hierarchy of ecclesiastical councils.

"Each church has its presbytery (or parish council). Above the presbyteries are the district assemblies, over these the provincial assemblies, under the double oversight of an ecclesiastical superintendent and a lay curator general. The 'Convent' is composed of twenty-eight elected members and the five superintendents and five curators general, who are members *ex-officio.* Lastly, there is the synod, the supreme legislative body, composed of one hundred and sixteen members, ninety-six of them elected, holding office for ten years.

"The church itself, by means of a special tax, collects the necessary funds, assisted by the strong arm of the civil power in case of necessity. It not only has charge of worship and religious training, but also of all the school instruction given to Calvinist Protestant youth, the schools in Hungary being still in the hands of the different confessions. The Hungarian church, then, enjoys a large, self-regulating administration, the government confining itself to a right of general surveillance.

"It is a pity that the barrier of language, like a Chinese wall, prevents the Hungarian Calvinists from sharing to any great extent in the general trend of international ideas.

"The well-tried loyalty of the mem-

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bers of this church makes it very popular in the kingdom, adherents of the other confessions having no hesitation in calling Calvinism the Magyar religion, thus recognizing that those who make profession of it belong to the old, autochtonous stock among the population, to the pure native race. The Calvinist church of Hungary, therefore, presents a striking example of a church independent of the state yet having a markedly national character.'' M. E. H.

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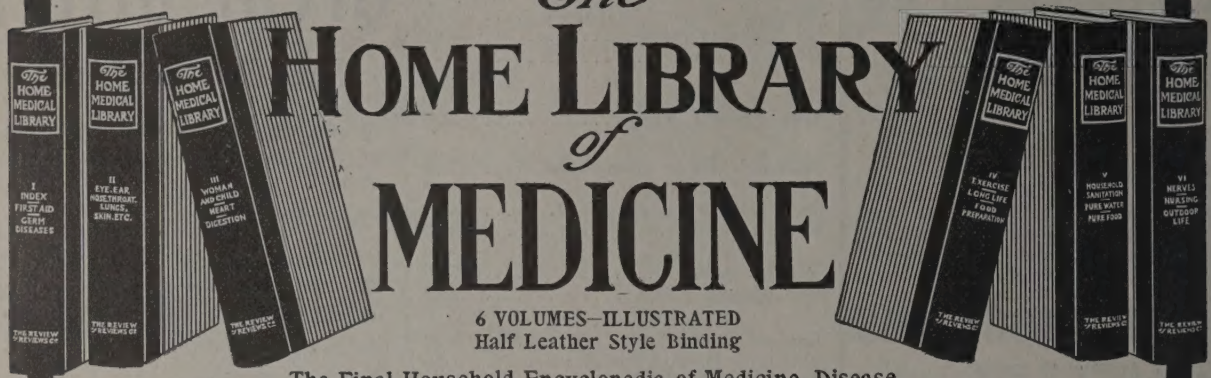

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